

HYMN XXVI,

E Nvy? go weep ! My Muse and I
L augh thee to scorn ! *Thy
feeble eye
I s dazzled with the glory
S hining in this gay Poesy,
A nd little golden Story !
B ehold, how my proud quill doth
shed
E ternal nectar on her head !
T he pomp of Coronation
H ath not such power, her fame to
spread,
A s this my admiration!
R espect my pen, as free and
frank;
E xpecting nor reward, nor thank !
G reat wonder only moves it'
I never made it mercenary !
N or should my Muse, this burden
cairy
A s hired; but that she loves it!

FINIS.

